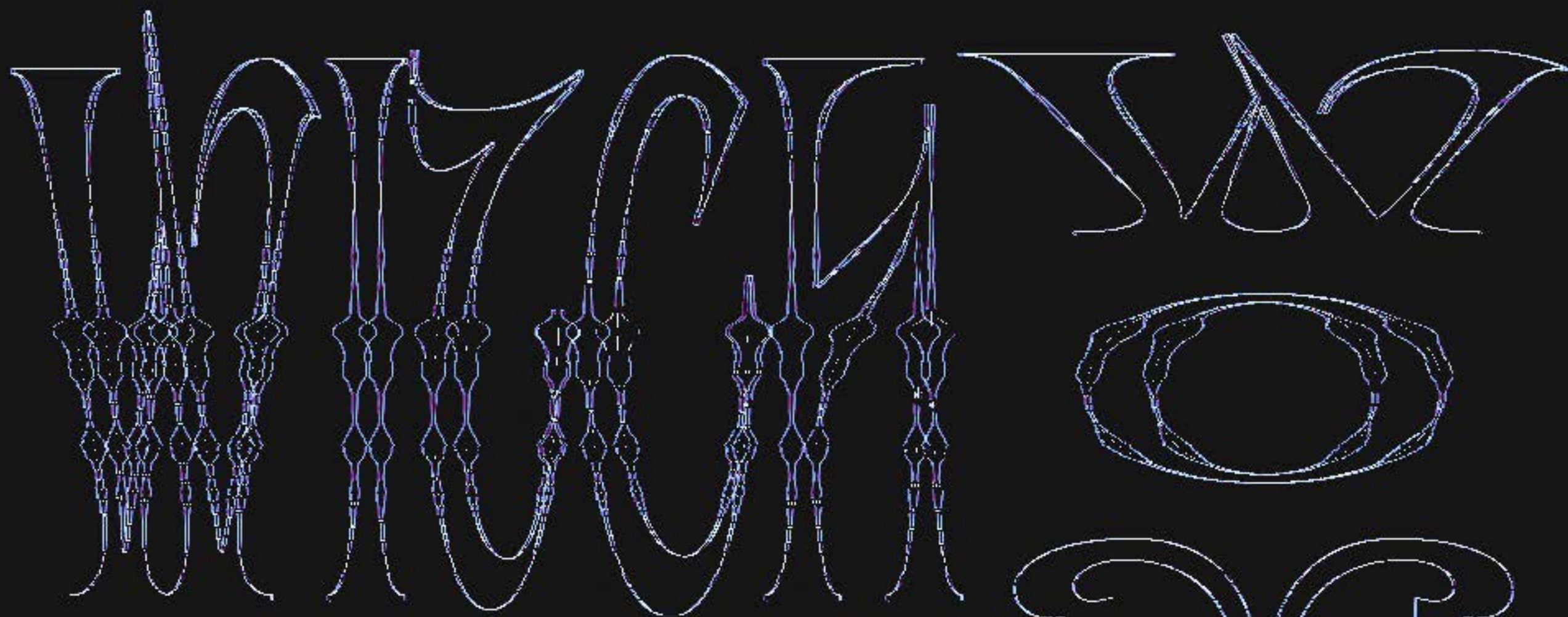
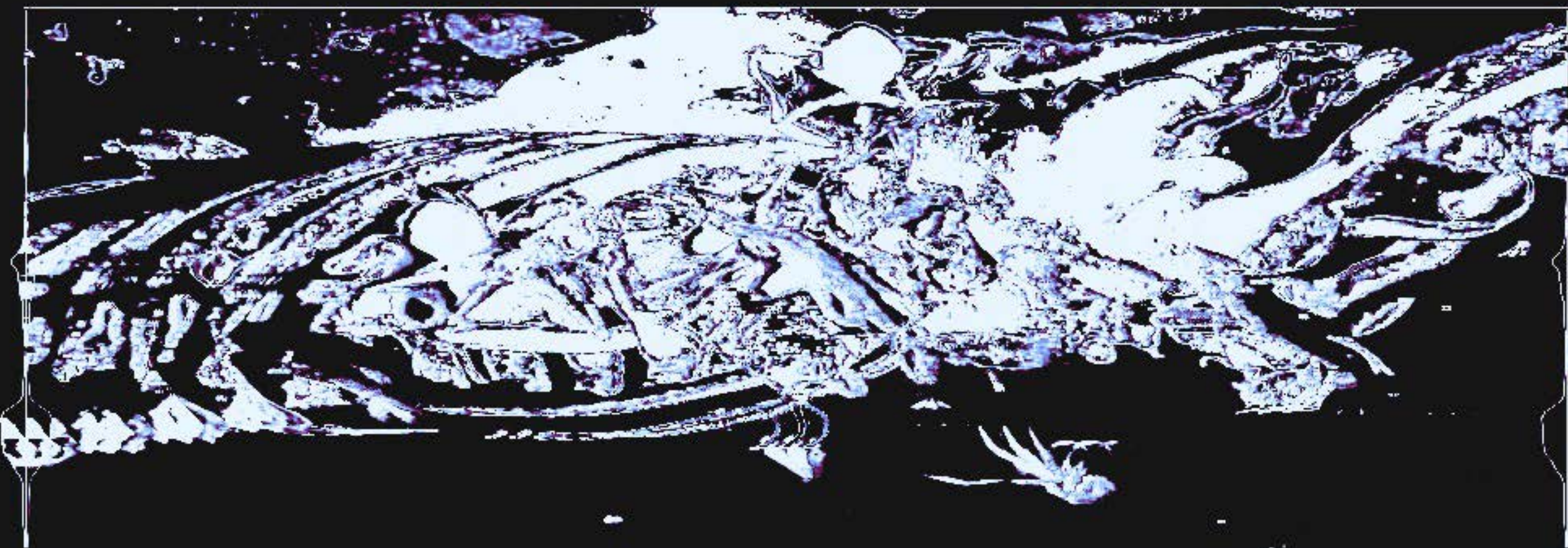
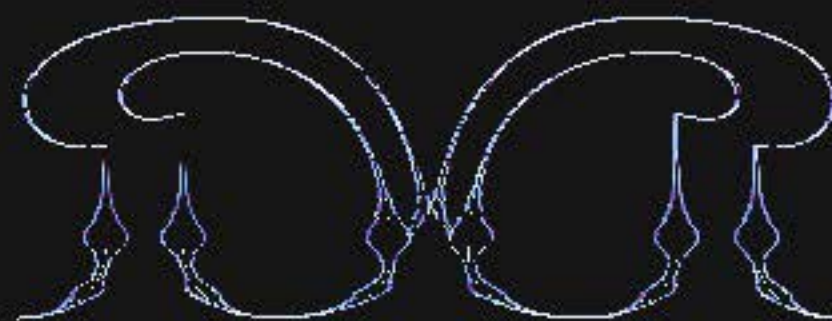


WIKIMOR



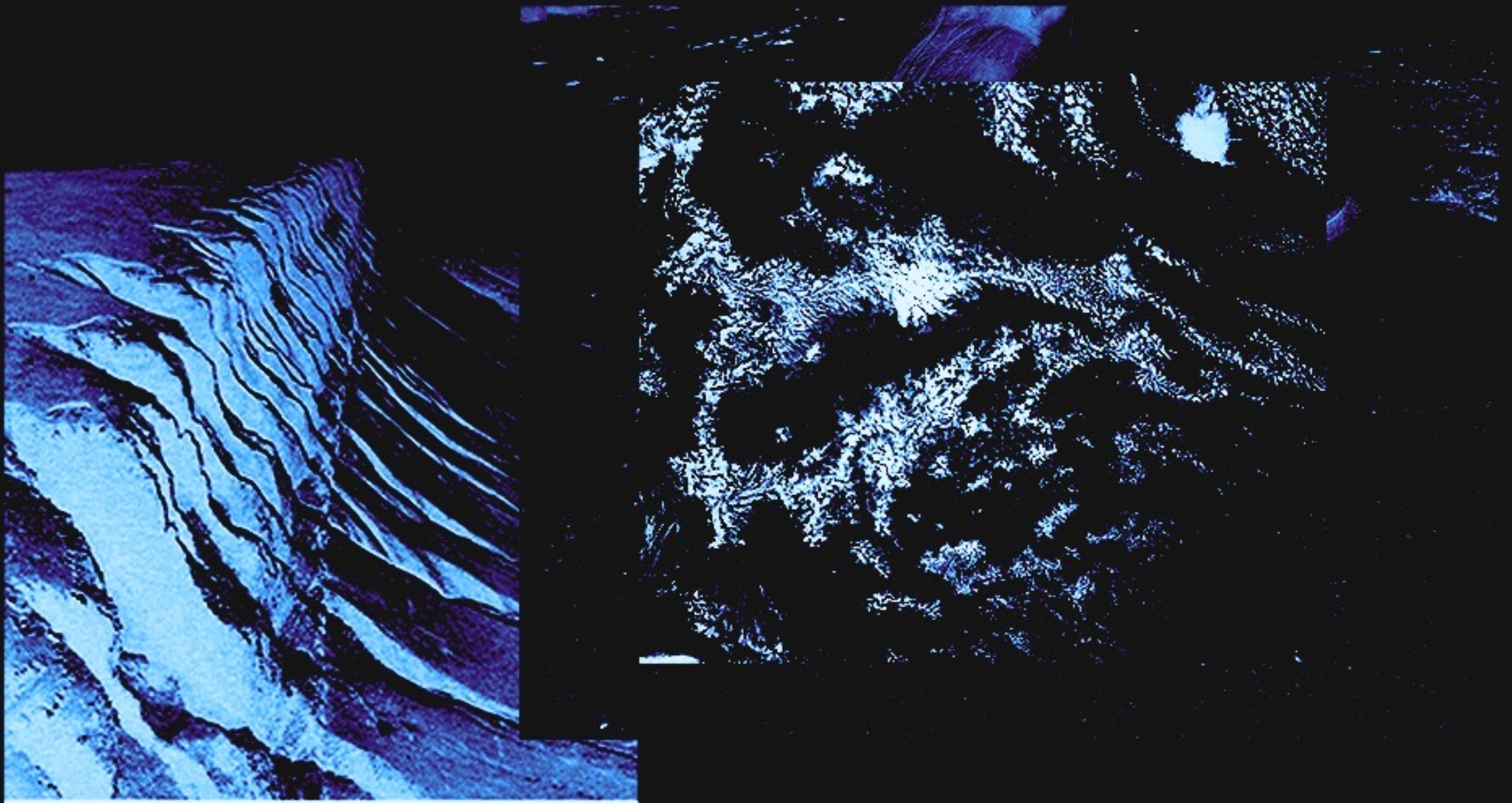


Her name is Wound. Rain bites acidic at bare skin, her camp at the edge of
town slow sliding into infirm soil. Serrated palms tremble above her, rust caught
armatures creak. In the far distance- a dull hollow throb from vast machines,
bleakly suturing horizon.



She shuffles back under tent cover.

Prays as great chains drag sun desperate past horizon. Landscape dissolves, shades from bruise to tar to pitch. Inside her tent, she's lighting candles, most short stubs, this far from home.



The morning, clouds pearly expanse, azure wounds, sun glimmering fishhooks. A dolphin rotting on the beach, mouth full of jellyfish, tumbling out like jewels in the serrated light. At your back the town, drawn up into an inverse metal wavecrest. Sawgrass gagged by drifts of white.

Wavedrone slow coerces the rock/pebble/sand
to leg spread corrosion

Ecstatic in degradation to base forms
Boots leave indents steady behind her
Down the shore a home raised holy on
glowing plexiglass pylon-legs, Her
grip trembles on sheath.

She's been warned of magic.

A thousand sun splinters chuckling

across the waveforms- each a small
resistance subsumed to greater peace.

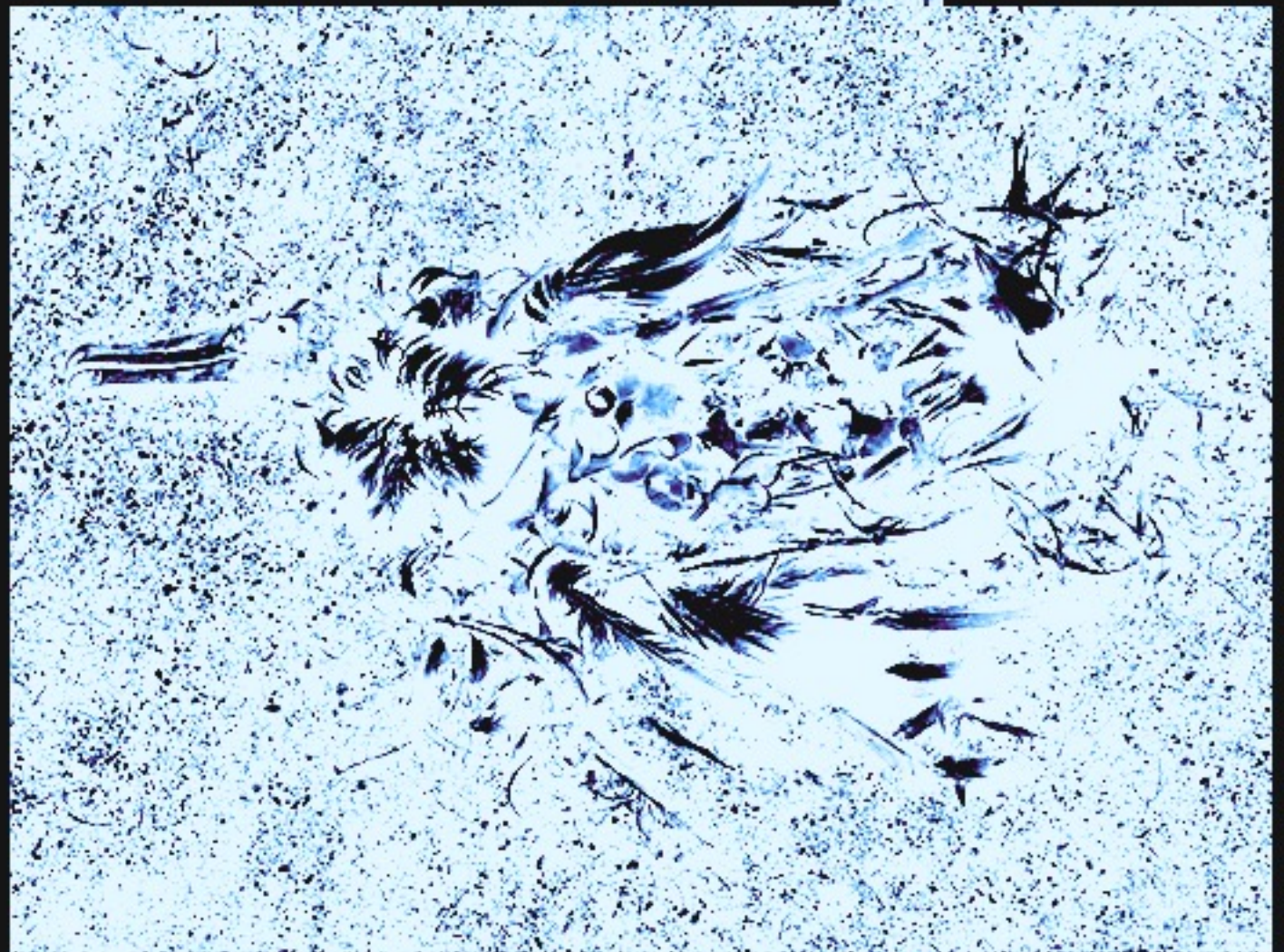
Like her. Not many things can lay that claim.

She passes small idols, offerings, plea/threat/warnings

Circles drawn in sand glow softly-

she gives wide berth.

A staircase coiled to tight spiral
Steps rainbow glimmering float
A cyclone of petals frozen allow
Ascent to witch house.
Notice below how pilings expand
Claw-like through the dunes.
Each step clink glimmer of sound
Rise circling.





Against her chest, thump of
amulets, chains, some glowing
burnhot as she rises. Approach
surely noticed. Lid flicker brings
up ghostly imprints, glyphs curling
incense through air. Glowing
cages hang umbilical from house/
womb. Empty. Or- Lid flicker
banishes cages, now writhing
plant forms bound hanging she
passes as they reach trembling.
Hand caresses pommel.

At entrance/beginning/throat
heavy wood swings wide, inviting heat.
wind at her back insistent.

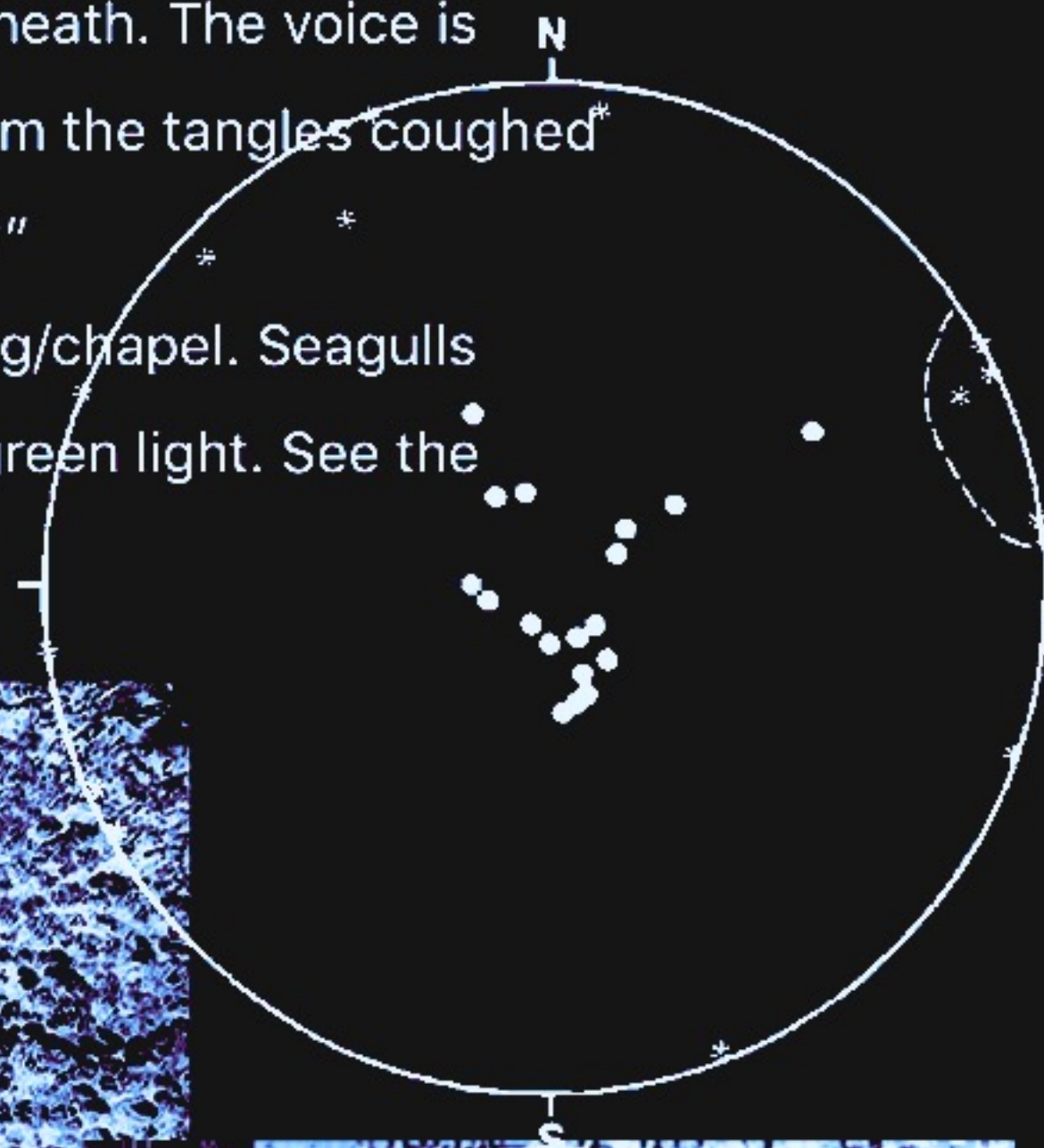
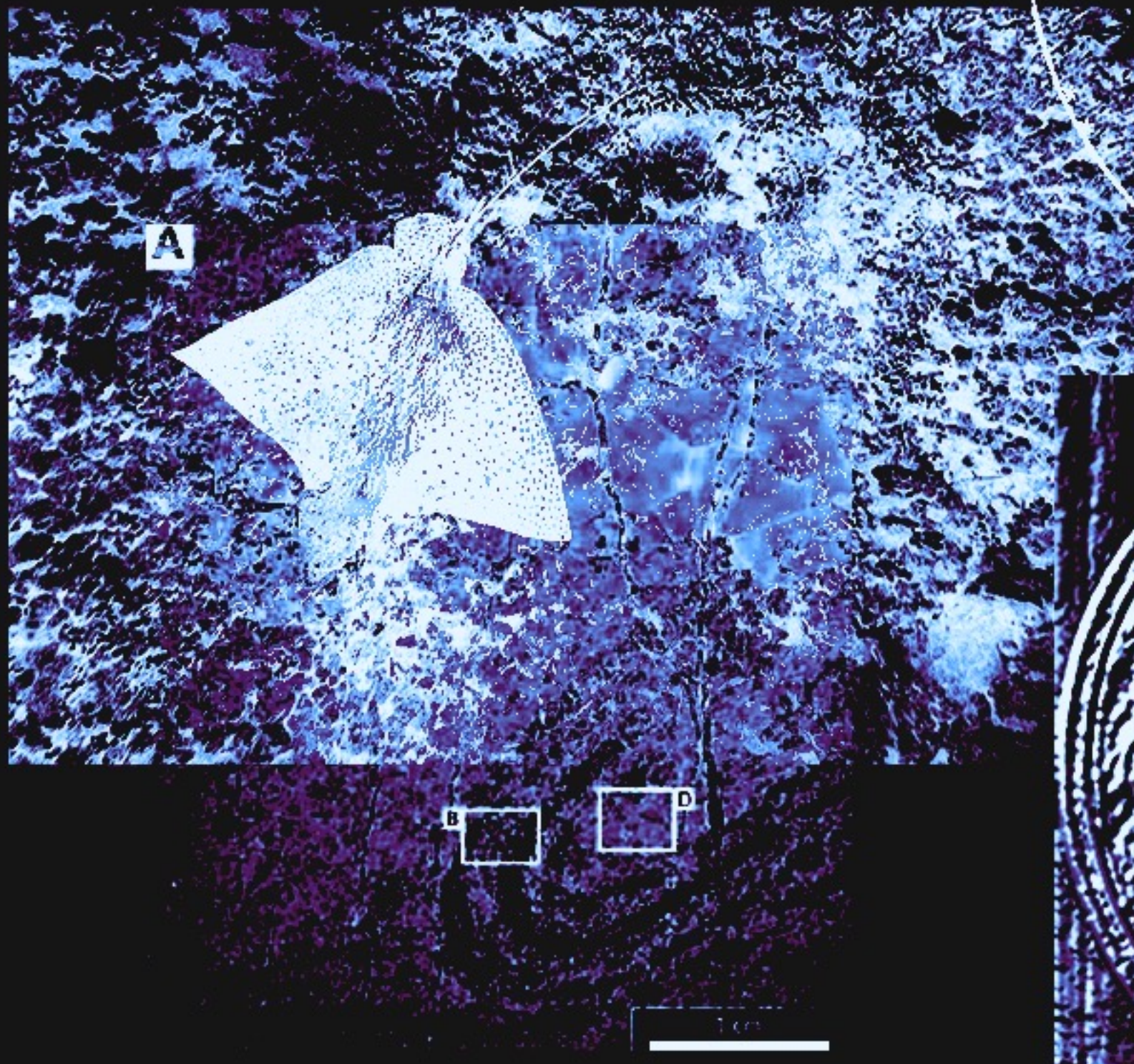
Voice like bowed glass-

"I coated tongues in salt, to better lick my wounds
Yet still they sent you" an antechamber lined with mirror teeth,
Catch flitting motion through them. A single arch leads to hallway.
Say prayer.



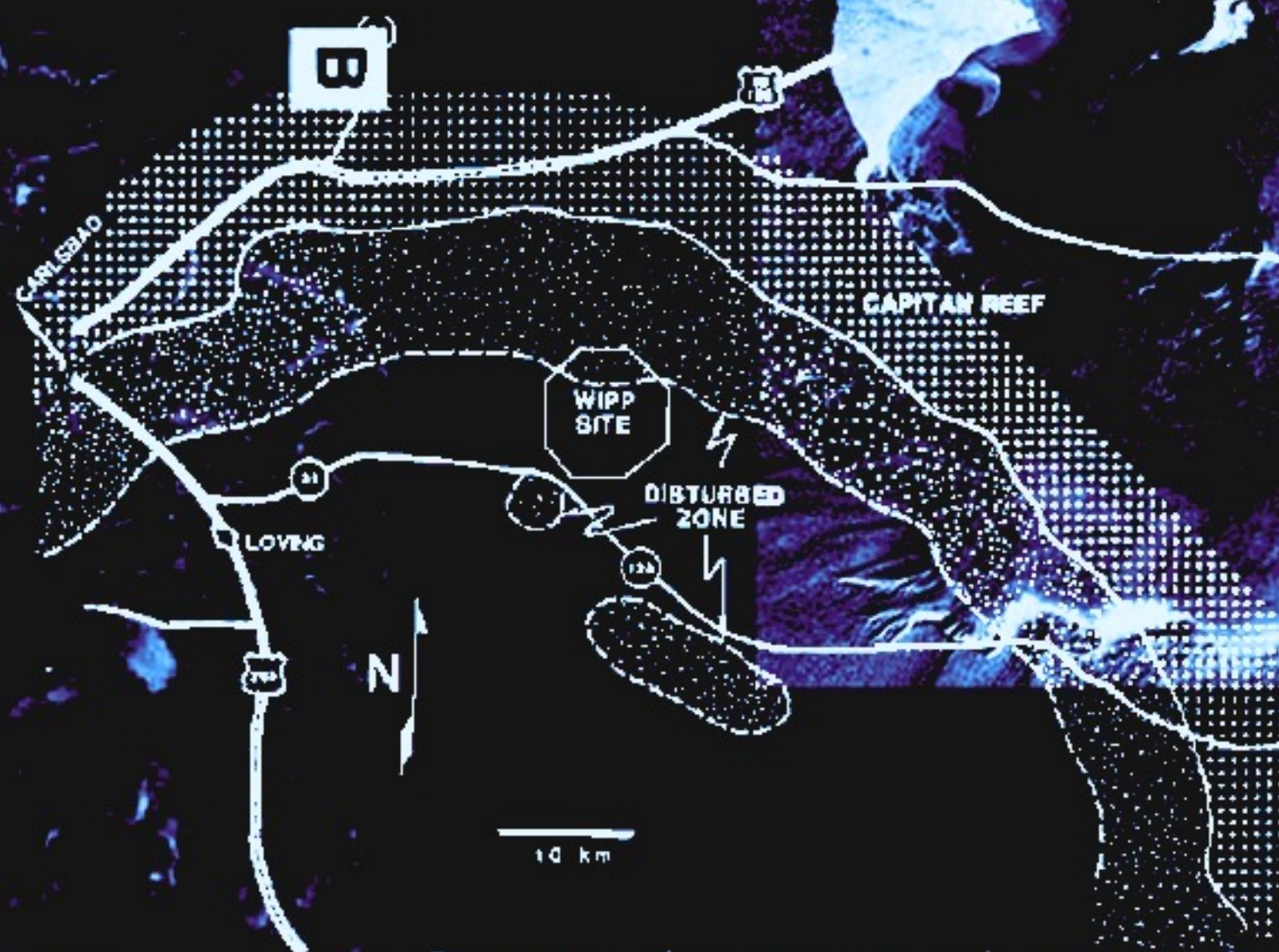
Hall contained on all sides by tremulous aquamarine glass, your body
drowned in water light, dunes/waves, miles beneath. The voice is
everywhere around you. "I sow my children from the tangles coughed"
up by tide. Can I be blamed for how they reap?"

Expelled from hallway into great cavernous lung/chapel. Seagulls
hang static, winged chandeliers burning with green light. See the
voices origin. Unsheathe your blade.

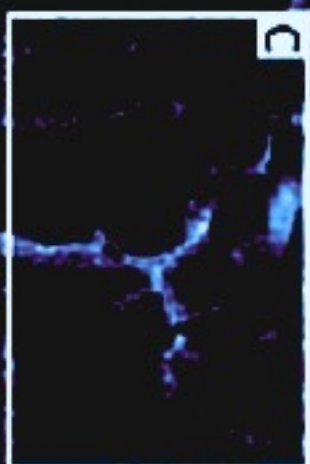


In that room. The witch- seething cyclone of pale drowned flesh.
Walls, porous lung-coral, screamed by harsh draughts of wind.
Witches' face a scaled expanse, corroded by gods breath.
Iris, pupil, carved out. Light blooming savage from twin boreholes.

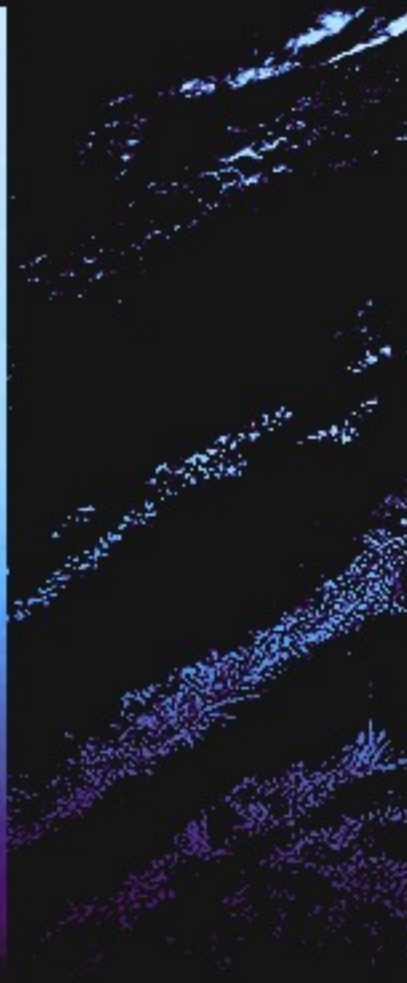
Voice smoke swirling glyphs through the room. Blood blooming in water.
Anemone tendrils blossom from copper bangled wrists.
Matted shawl of oil clotted feathers, shining nacreous in the stained light.
Wounds' saber darting, finds little purchase. Then-



Ozonestarp pearl carved dagger
Flutters through her stomach
Leaves jagged rubyseep sigils
Airrushed vacancies embraced



500 um



Lichen teeth shine resplendent victory

Grit teeth gasp, cherry bright smear cross sleeve. Inside coat pocket grab
reliquary/hope.

No time to aim. Marrow ignites

a bright whisper

sends silver bruised shells spiraling towards witchflesh

Sit vigil over dying witchsong.

Exhalations writhe through flotsam throat cathedrals,

stained broken-bottle glass larynx

glowing with the vent heat of rattling breath.

Words embalmed upon incanted lips, subsumed under dead fish tongue.

Witch house rots to ruin around you.

Will soon fall to the greed-licking waves.

Leave the corpse behind you.

Entrails oxidized holy.

From this I was born.

Brought forth from opal/womb,

From Mother-carcass, feasting

shoals of many-legged insects,

moving like wind-ruffled moss

I kill a greatvast sea-thing

Come to mourn my mother, my

Hands still sticky with her sap

Shave long thin curls of bone, I

Fasten them above the doorway.

In the air.

The doorway is all that's left

